

THE  
ROYAL ACADEMICIANS.  
A F A R C E.

AS IT WAS PERFORMED

*R. Pasquin (1786)*

To the Astonishment of Mankind, by His  
Majesty's Servants, at the STONE HOUSE,  
in UTOPIA, in the Summer of 1786.



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## I N V O C A T I O N

TO

St. L U K E,

In BEHALF of his unbounded PROGENY;

Patron of PAINTERS, Father of DESIGN, Sire  
of TRUTH, and Protector of HARP-ALLEY.

*Most venerable Apostle,*

C ondescend to infuse some of that spiritual  
grace into the understandings of your mot-  
ley children, with which your *mind* was super-  
abundantly endued; for GRACE, most honorable  
Father of the Art, they have none. As for CAN-  
DOUR, most venerable Saint, they have no more  
idea of its being a virtue, than a copper-coloured  
Savage at the Cape, has of cleanliness being  
salubrious. When you beamed the light of sci-  
entific intelligence, most Holy Limner, into the  
pericranium of the gentle FRESNOY, for the  
unspeakable advantage of your numerous off-  
spring, you should have extended the obliga-  
tion,

tion, and been equally indulgent to the capacities of the children of futurity, as unfortunately his excellent maxims are rendered nugatory and useless. I perceive, great Sire of the Pallet and Pound Brush, the deep furrowed muscles of your venerable visage, curling into the passion of amazement at this singular intimation; but the assertion is true, most Reverend, for the original composition being written in the language of the Romans most holy, the sons of design are obliged to take the text at second-hand, and that too from a ragged Poet of the last century, who was totally ignorant of the basis of the undertaking, and a Yorkshire parson of modern repute, who had no requisite for the completion of such an arduous labour, but his vanity and his presumption. The Latin language, most Beneficent, has been treated with wondrous neglect, by the consumers of nut oil and turpentine, who, to use the words of a witty dramatist, were all "too sprightly to mind their learning;" and it will doubtless add to your astonishment, when I assure you, most Incomparable Apostle, upon the **VERACITY** of an artist, that there are but three daubers of canvas  
the bills of mortality, that understand

a syllable of its rudiments or principle ; and what will be infinitely more shocking to your pious feelings, they don't care three-farthings if it was consigned for ever to oblivion. The excepted personages, are his Sublimity the **PRESIDENT**, —a **BAWDYPAINTER**, I beg his pardon, I should have said **PARSON**—and a rough-hewn son of **HIBERNIA**, who had so little regard for the sprigs of morality, that he was flogged out of his native parish of **BALLYPOREEN**, situate in the sweet county of **CORK** in the Land of Saints, for refusing to take off his hat to the bishop of the diocese ; though he could assign no other reason, most Accomplished Apostle, for so manifest a violation of good manners but that he had an unconquerable antipathy for the cloth in general.

The immediate cause of this invocation, most illustrious Saint, arises from the firm and terrific determination of the rector of a parish, at the west end of this metropolis, to excommunicate nine members of the Noble Order of the Pallet, who reside within the pale of his protection, for non-conformance to the indispensible duties of religion ; as they have never been seen in the inside of a church, nor known to worship any but the

the images of vanity and fornication, which are the vile produce of their own unhallowed pencils. That you will be pleased to look with an eye of commiseration and pity upon their abominations, and snatch their profession from contempt, and themselves from perdition, is the fervent prayer, most venerable Saint, of your faithful suppliant; who kisses with imaginary rapture, the sacred hem of your adust garment; and to honour his patron and protector, prostrates his body with all humiliation in the dust.

May 1st, 1786,  
 PORRIDGE ISLAND, }  
 Up Three-pair of Stairs backwards. }

ANTHONY PASQUIN.

## PROLOGUE,

As it was spoken by FOLLY, decorated with the  
*Diploma of a ROYAL ACADEMICIAN.*

LADIES and Gentlemen, you must prepare to see strange  
things,

Some call them but mere gewgaws, with their fleers and flings ;  
But heed not Satire's rude uncharitable flings,  
For the fight has pleas'd lords, ladies, dukes and kings.

Oh the wonderful Exhibition, the comical Exhibition !  
Here you shall see the great effect of light and shade,  
Where BLACK and WHITE are mingled by the daubing trade,  
With as much ease as senators, who're hourly paid  
To sell the nation's rights, and their humanity degrade.

Oh the, &c.

Here you shall see an assemblage of diabolical faces,  
In which no meaning, Curiosity ever traces ;  
And dames with feathers, satin-gowns and laces,  
Though spawn'd at Billingsgate, and kick'd by all the graces.

Oh the, &c.

Here you shall see how the pencil of FLATTERY so civil,  
Makes infant beauties with the aged revel ;  
But not a bit of canvas daub'd with any historic evil,  
For the beldam TASTE long since I drove her to the devil.

Oh the, &c.

Here you shall see what you never saw before,  
The Heir Apparent flank'd with a tremendous w—,  
To please you we have got great things in store,  
Such as were never seen in days of Yore ;  
But you must give your shilling at the door,  
To raise a fund for artists SICK and POOR.

Oh the, &c.

We gormandize, not with the cash we seize,  
Or drink champaign with lordlings at our ease,  
But run about the world our GOD to please,  
To rescue WORTH from famine and disease.

Oh the wonderful Exhibition, the comical Exhibition !

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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BRITANNIA, TRUTH, FOLLY.

ACADEMICIAN'S.

Sir Varnish Dundizzy.	Rev. Mr. Priapus.
Secretary Prig.	Joseph Fiddlefaddle.
Benjamin East.	Francis Bartolousy.
Monsieur Lethimhumbug	Tommy Sandbank.
Tiny Cosmetic.	John Singleton Copper-
Dominic Neverserious.	face.
John Swinesflesh.	Jeremiah Mosy.
Ned Buncho'rods.	Nathaniel Minuet.
Agostino Turnthekey.	Doctor Nubibus.
Mason Garretdaub.	Joseph Stilletto.
Edmund Garbage.	<i>Associates.</i>
Joseph Noddleskin.	Sulky Mike.
John Francis Riggleslow.	Niddy Nddy.
Willy Topo'thehouse.	Johnny Dismal.
Johan Stuffany.	Valentine Perpendicular.
Thomas Daubborough.	<i>Servants.</i>
Charles Coachpannel	John the Model.
Paul Sandbank.	Charles the Brawny, and
Sir William Doric.	Mother Midnight.
Jemmy O'Blarney.	

THE

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THE  
Royal Academicians, &c.

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S C E N E,

*An Antichamber in the ROYAL ACADEMY.*

*BRITANNIA and TRUTH discovered in Conversation.*

TRUTH.

THE Royal Academy was instituted by our present Sovereign, for the encouragement of the polite Arts. How far it has tended to that desirable purpose, you shall soon learn, as this is the day previous to the annual exhibition, on which the Academicians have been accustomed to settle their several claims; the gentlemen who compose this very honourable body, will pass before you in *propria persona*, and you will gather more information from their genuine language, than from any communications of mine; however, I shall operate as a chorus in this business, and correct their expressions, if they should in any instance do violence to the delicacy of my feelings.

B

BRIT.

## B R I T A N N I A.

My dear friend, I am under infinite obligations to you for this condescension, as I have long been anxious to learn, of what utility this society can be of to the nation at large; whether they exist to advance the glory and reputation of their country, or for that noblest gratification of the human mind—an ardent desire to relieve the necessities of their brethren.

## T R U T H.

In that particular I shall leave you to think for yourself; you will have a string of facts placed immediately before your eyes, and you must form your judgment agreeable to your own ideas of propriety. But, hark! I hear the understrappers at work, the Secretary is calling the people about him—we will remain snug in this niche, and make our observations accordingly.—

## S C E N E,

COUNCIL CHAMBER *ornamented with Antique Statues, emblematical Paintings, &c.*

JOHN the MODEL and MOTHER MIDNIGHT *discoursing in close Confabulation, the latter holding a Tankard of Porter and a Toast.*

## Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

I tell you what, John, you may come for to go for to say what you please, but I do say again, as I was saying before, that the Royal Academy is not the Royal

Royal Academy—that is to say, as how,—but mum, a nod is as good as a wink to a blind horse,—you understand me:—so here's my service to you—

[drinks.]

JOHN THE MODEL.

Why, for the matter of that, Mrs. Midnight, I do remember the time, but that's neither here nor there, you know—I could speak my mind—but walls, they say, have ears and eyes; besides the little secretary has got a damn'd ugly trick of listening; and if he should hear me tell the truth, by the Lord he'll torment me worse than Caliban in the play:—so here's my service to you, Mrs. Midnight. [drinks.]

MRS. M I D N I G H T.

Why, Mr. Prig is very severe, to be sure—he made me brush every figure, and all the extremities in the Plaister Academy, last winter, in a bitter cold morning, merely forsooth, because I refused Madam, his Lady, to darn the stockings of all his family—Curse the little animal, I was going to say—but it will be all one a hundred years hence; so here's my service to you.—[drinks.]

JOHN THE MODEL.

Have you heard the news, Mrs. Midnight?

MRS. M I D N I G H T.

News, my dear John—no! but what is it? no Bowstreet business—none of the students, I hope—

JOHN THE MODEL.

Only a charge of robbery, that's all.

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

Well, I wow, if I did'nt think it would come to that, may I be shot else!—I always suspected that ragged dog with the black head of hair, though they told me he was a disciple of Rowland Hill's, and prays more in a week, than he paints in a month:—so here's my service to you.—[drinks.]

JOHN THE MODEL.

You're mistaken, Mrs. Midnight—a word in your ear [whispers] what think you of 'Squire Daubborough?

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

'Squire Daubborough! Well, what will the world come to at last—such wickedness!—a bank-bill may-hap, or some copel varnish, or the family bible, or some ultramarine; as sure as can be, John, it was the 'Squire that stole the bottle of Burgundy at the last grand dinner, when the Prince, God bless him! and the French Duke ate so heartily of the sirloin of beef that I toasted in the store cellar.—

JOHN THE MODEL.

If you can possibly stop your clapper for one minute, Mrs. Midnight, you shall know the whole story.—

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

Well John, I am dumb—Go on.—

JOHN THE MODEL.

— But first, here's my service to you, [drinks]. Why, Mrs. Midnight, you must know as how, that he was charged with the theft by 'Squire O'Blarney.—

Mrs.

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

Worse and worse—lack-a-daisey—to be sure!—but  
—John, here's my service to you, [*drinks.*]

J O H N T H E M O D E L.

'Squire O'Blarney, you must know, charges 'Squire  
Daubborough with stealing his drapery.

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

His drapery!—poor man, I'm sure he has none to  
spare—why, he has not a coat in his wardrobe would  
sell for three shillings in Monmouth-street, except  
his brown and gold, and that's too long for him by  
at least eighteen inches.

J O H N T H E M O D E L.

God bless the woman, how she runs on!—he has  
stole no coat but a shift.—

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

A shift! not from one of the 'Squire's Ladies, I  
hope?

J O H N T H E M O D E L.

Oh, no—but from one of the westal wargins in the  
Great Room at the Arts and Sciences.—

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

But what did he want with a shift, John?

J O H N T H E M O D E L.

Lord help your silly head, Mrs. Midnight! why,  
to dress the Dutchess of Figary, to be sure, that you  
know he's painting for my Lord Spatterdash.

*Enter*

*Enter CHARLES the BRAWNY in a hurry.*

CHARLES.

Here's the Secretary.

JOHN THE MODEL.

Zounds ! Mrs. Midnight, hide the porter !—make haste, get the long broom, and let us work like two slaves at the Island of Saint Christopher.

*Enter Secretary PRIG.*

PRIG.

Have you executed my orders ?

JOHN THE MODEL.

Yes, your Honour.

PRIG.

Have you swept the cob-webs from the Council Chamber ?

JOHN THE MODEL.

Yes, your Honour.

PRIG.

Mother Midnight, have you washed the large table-cloth ?

Mrs. MIDNIGHT.

Yes, your Honour.

PRIG.

John, have you curry-comb'd my horses ?

JOHN THE MODEL.

Yes, your Honour.

PRIG.

P R I G.

Have you sent those pictures back to that damn'd fellow? an impudent scoundrel, to have the assurance to prate to me about his merit! an insolent puppy!—damme! but the rascal deserves to be drown'd in an ocean of turpentine, or choaked to death with a pound brush—how the devil does he think I should ever have been Secretary to the Royal Academy, if merit had any thing to do in the busines? *Doctor Rock, Doctor Graham, or Herald Bate* *Slash' em* himself never thought of such pretensions—damme! they know that the best motto to a man's coat of arms, is *impudence*—and he that wants that, had better want the cardinal virtues.—The former may do him some service; the latter never will, take my word for it.—

John!

JOHN THE MODEL.

Your Honour?

P R I G.

Are the things in readiness for Sir Varnish? I expect him every minute.

JOHN THE MODEL.

Yes, your Honour.

P R I G.

But I say no, you dog—where's Mother Midnight?—here's a piece of work indeed! all disorder and confusion! Damme, I'll do your busines—an old hat upon the sleeping lion, a dirty petticoat upon the Venus de Medicis, and an old pair of boots upon the

Apollo

Apollo Belvidere ! such a violation of good order would have turned the brains of that fellow in holy writ—Mr. what's his name ?

JOHN THE MODEL.

Job, your Honour.

P R I G.

Job !—Aye, Job, so it is, damme ! Job would have lost his senses if he'd lived here but four-and-twenty hours—But now I think on't, that scoundrel knew no more of the polite arts than a fishwoman, consequently he had no feelings.

Mrs. M I D N I G H T.

We have been brushing, and brushing all the morning, your Honour.

P R I G.

It's a confounded lie, and I don't believe a syllable of it—the *coup d'œil* is damnable !—when I took a *bird's-eye view*, 'twas shocking, the perspective was offensive ; but now that the objects are close to the organs of my vision, I am petrified with astonishment—lost in amazement—unhinged with surprise—funk with consternation—

*Enter CHARLES THE BRAWNY.*

Here is Mounseer LETHIMHUMBUG, your Honour.

P R I G.

Is there ? get a chair ready directly.—

*Enter LETHIMHUMBUG.*

Monfieur Prig—me ver glad to see you  
—sur mon honneur.

P R I G.

## P R I G.

Monsieur Lethimhumbug, Sir, you do me honour.  
What's the news this morning—shall I be troublesome  
for a pinch of your Strasburg?—An outlandish scoun-  
drel [aside].

## L E T H I M H U M B U G.

Oui, Monsieur—Oh yes—certainement.—Ce'st un  
savage dog, bygar [aside]. [taking snuff.]

## P R I G.

Very good, vastly good, upon my soul—but the  
news, the news, my dear friend.

## L E T H I M H U M B U G..

Oh, bygar, ver bad news.—

## P R I G.

Bad news, Monsieur, I'm sorry to hear that, upon  
my soul.

## L E T H I M H U M B U G.

Oh, its pretty vel bad—cot dam, do you know,  
Monsieur Prig, dat de scoundrel of de custom-house  
make me pay de lord knows vat dis morning for two  
leetel picture of Tenier, bygar, not so big as tree  
inches square—quite tin, bygar, no beker than my  
tumb.—

## P R I G.

Did you tell 'em that you were a member of the  
Royal Academy?

## L E T H I M H U M B U G.

Oh oui! bygar me tell him dat—but he no mind.

C

P R I G.

( 18 )

P R I G.

Why, then I say, as how, that he's a damn'd saucy jackanapes, and does not know what belongs to good manners.

L E T H I M H U M B U G.

Coot manners! Oh! sacre Dieu—he know no more of coot manners, bygar, den dis tick.

T R U T H.

This is CHARLES COACHPANNEL, Esq. one of the original Academicians, a man more remarkable for the modesty of his demeanour, than the splendour of his talents.

Enter CHARLES COACHPANNEL, Esq.

P R I G.

My dear COACHPANNEL—I am all over in a fermentation of felicity, at the extreme delight of seeing you look so well this morning—A word in your ear [*whispers*] zounds! you must not come in that *brown bob* to the annual dinner; damn it, if you do, the Gallic Duke will certainly mistake your phiz for the head of a Newfoundland puppy—Ha! ha! ha!—You'll excuse me, my dear fellow, but you know I'm your friend.

COACHPANNEL:

Mr. Prig, a word in your ear, [*whispers*] I have a new *Major* now making on purpose for the occasion.—

P R I G.

Give me your hand, I wish you joy.—

T R U T H.

## T R U T H.

This is *Dominic Neverserious*, Esq.—a very able artist, if considered as a marine painter; he was formerly a foremastman on board a smuggling cutter that used to trade between Deal and Dunkirk, but was so struck with a sea-piece of Vandevelde's that decorated the grand parlour of a Brandy merchant at Boulogne, that he instantly fell down and worshipped it, and from that moment determining to become a painter, he quitted the service of Neptune for that of the Muses; you will find him a very honest man, but he has some capital failings which have injured his reputation very considerably in the eyes of the ladies; he washes his face but once a week, changes his linen but once a fortnight, and shaves his visage every new moon—but he is a very polite gentleman for all that, as you shall perceive.

*Enter DOMINIC NEVERSERIOUS, Esq.*

—Oh!—oh!—fine doings, Mishter Prig—Ah! ah! ventrebleu, sacre Dieu, cot dam my old shoe—vere is my ship—I say?—I do swear by de Champignon, I have losta my ship—cotta dam, dat I should paint more ship in one monse, den dey build at Portsmouth in one year, and should lose 'em all, bygar.

P R I G.

Why in such a damned passion, Mr. Neverserious? your ships are all safe moor'd over the chimney-piece.

C 2 N E V E R-

—

## NEVER SERIOUS.

Over the shinney-piece! Ah ! ah ! cotta dam,  
who would tink now of looking for de line of battle  
shipo ver de fire, bygar!—Suppose now they fall down  
bygar—dat would be a pretty job, morblieu—to  
burn de best part of his Majesty's navy, and half de  
Bay of Biscay into the bargain—Ha ! ha ! ha !

## T R U T H.

This is *Tiny Cosmetic*, Esq. a miniature painter of merit; but where he possesses an ounce of capability, it is sicklied over with a pound of vanity—he looks upon himself as one of the greatest men of the age, and will admit of no competitor but the King of Prussia; he is as mischievous as a monkey, and as illiterate as a Savoyard; and though a contemptible animal in his person, he firmly believes that the first beauties of the nation are sighing for his favours; his feet are more offensive in the dog-days than a tallow chandler's manufactory, and his breath more fetid than the casket of Pandora—to remove the approaches of jealousy from every husband in Great-Britain, he married the daughter of a drunken stay-maker at Florence, and has absolutely turned his wife's brain, by calling her the Queen of Taste, and the Empress of Sublimity; he has got her engraved in a wanton attitude for the amusement of every ragged rascal in the metropolis, and nothing warms the channels of his contracted heart so much as to tell him that you adore his MARIA—his knowledge of historic learning extends to the well-known

adventures

adventures of Robinson Crusoe, and he has no affections for any of the heathen deities, but the pliant *Mercury*—When full dressed in a bag and sword, he resembles a well-grown fly transfix'd with a corking pin; he is a great consumer of *Marechalle* powder, undermines my influence in all his productions, and has a damn'd antipathy to *soap suds* and a *washing tub*.

*Enter TINY COSMETIC, Esq.*

**TINY COSMETIC.**

What Prig, Lethimhumbug, Neverserious, and Coachpannel here already! Oh damme! I see you're resolv'd to take time by the forelock, hey—

**LETHIMHUMBUG.**

Aye, Monsieur Cosmetic, how you do? how you do, Mrs. Cosmetic?

**COSMETIC.**

What *MARIA*! Oh the dear jewel of Pall-mall, and flower of female artists—damme, but she's a woman of vast parts, though I say it that shou'dn't say it, as a body may say, because why, I'm her husband you know—damme but she can handle a pound brush with as much dexterity as a journeyman house-painter—catches legends from the clouds, and knows how to bother the rational faculties as well as e'er a parliamentary speechifier of them all, or even Milton himself egad, when he lost sight of his subject! she's as well acquainted with the sublime as the immortal *EDMUND* or the great *FUSELI*, has the ancient history at the end of every finger, and can tell to a precise

precise moment of time, when PRESTER JOHN fell ill of the measles;—in short, she *conceives* like an angel, sketches like le Fage, paints like a Goltzius, talks like a divinity, and kisses—but mum, my dear fellows, you must excuse me there, though brothers of the diploma, upon my soul; as that's a business that MARIA and I generally carry on behind the curtain, it can't be divulg'd you know, with propriety, to any but the Privy Council.

P R I G.

You are perfectly right, Mr. Cosmetic—the ladies' secrets ought only to be revealed to the hallow'd ears of privacy and friendship.

C O S M E T I C.

Oh damme, to be sure—I'll tell you a good joke, tho', but it must go no further:—The Prince, you must know, adores MARIA, who, to do her common justice, it must be allowed, is a damn'd fine woman; the Prince, Mr. Prig, was drawing in the same study with my dear little angelic MARIA, who was painting a design of the last conflagration; but the Prince not giving MARIA entire satisfaction by his performance, what does MARIA do, but lay hold of the prince's *hair pencil*, which he took with infinite good humour; but not being willing to be left in a state of idleness, what do you think his Highness did?

P R I G.

How the devil should we know?

C O S.

## COSMETIC.

A monstrous good joke upon my soul; to be even with my poor MARIA for snatching his pencil so rudely, damme, what does the Prince, but catches hold of my wife's *brush*! ha, ha, ha!—though it was cover'd with hog's hair, as stiff as the beard of a Jew Rabbi, and as black as my hat.—For you must know, that he disturbed MARIA in the act of laying in a dead ground for Hell, and painting his serene highness the Devil, in his best suit of fable, to receive three myriads of attorneyes that were to be kick'd out of Heaven at the Day of Judgement.

## TRUTH.

This is JEMMY O'BLARNEY, Esq. and perhaps one of the most extraordinary oddities on the face of the creation, for his *actions* and his *heart* are in a continual state of warfare; the *former* being constantly marked by ill manners and uncharitableness, and the latter uniformly wedded to *honour* and to *virtue*—his love of singularity is carried to such a pitch of ridiculousness, that he affects to despise hereditary dignity, merely because the rest of mankind concur in the idea that subordination and respect are necessary to the well-being of society.—When he was pursuing his studies in Rome, he would maintain the theological beauties of MARTIN LUTHER against the ecclesiastics of Italy, with the zealous fury of a bigot; and now he is in England, he seizes every opportunity to satyrize their existence—as an artist, he has more genius than knowledge,

knowledge, and more taste than industry; regardless of the *cause*, he forms his judgment by the *effect*, and carelessly resigns his feelings to his prejudices; which, when once they have taken possession of his bosom, are rooted beyond the possibility of a removal—he has *had* the happiness of being protected by men of the most enlightened minds and opulent fortunes, but has never failed by his repulsive manners, to inspire his patrons with pity and disgust—He has lately been elected professor of painting to the Academy, which circumstance was principally effected by the amiable President, who felt more commiseration for his *distresses*, than resentment for his *obloquy*—If he writes any essays in justification of his conduct as an artist, he mars the sterling sense of his doctrines, by deforming the page of intelligence with the language of a ruffian—But here he is.

Enter JEMMY O'BLARNEY, Esq.

P R I G.

My dear Blarney, I rejoice to see you.

O'BLARNEY.

Damme, if I believe a word of it.

P R I G.

But why, my dear Blarney—for what reason, my dear fellow?—A savage dog (*aside*).

C O S M E T I C.

Aye, that's right, Mr. Prig; for what reason?

O'BLARNEY.

O'BLARNEY.

Because I'm the representative of Truth, and I know that you abhor her society—and have no more regard for her precepts than such an animal as COSMETIC, or such an antic as LETHIMHUMBUG.

COSMETIC.

What, Sir ! do you pretend to call me an animal ?

LETHIMHUMBUG.

Monsieur O'Blarney—me shall insist upon de eclaircissement.

O'BLARNEY.

(Lifting up his cane) Silence, you brace of vagabonds ! or by the virtues of my shelela I'll leather your soul-cases till I can't see you, agra—by the blood of the Blarneys, it shall be a worse application to the bones of Cosmetic than when he got a horsewhipping at Knightsbridge, instead of the careffes of a fair lady.—

LETHIMHUMBUG.

(Lifting up his hands) Sacre dieu, cot dam—vat a sauvage!—

COSMETIC.

(Whispering Prig) What does he mean by eclaircissement ?

P R I G.

Oh ! damme, if I know.—

TRUTH.

This is DOCTOR NUBIBUS, Professor of Anatomy, and successor to the truly celebrated Mr. Hunter—

D

his

his professional knowledge is very considerable—and he certainly would have arrived at the summit of surgical excellence, if he had not been bit in the *Gastrocnemius* muscle, by a mad outlandish dog, called **LUNARDI**, by which means he was seized with the *Balloonphobia*, and deprived in an instant of the proper use of his mental faculties—he has made three aerial excursions to the moon to gather exotic plants to form a supplemental tail to the system of **LINNAEUS**—but not being sufficiently acquainted with the geography of the country, he missed his way, and unfortunately for the Science of Botany, he returned from his several expeditions just as wise as he set out.—He has now a grand scheme in agitation, by which he is resolved to make his fortune; he is going to Greenland next autumn for the purpose of catching whales by the assistance of a glyster-pipe, which he asserts will operate as a cathartic upon the water monster, and so refine the blubber, that it will prove a proper succedaneum for the best Florence oil.—If he lived in a despotic country, he would willingly risque his success upon the forfeiture of his head—though perhaps the Doctor's offer might not be very acceptable to any legislature, as it is well known he possesses but three scruples of that ingredient which is vulgarly supposed to render a head valuable, namely *Brains*.—But here comes the original.

**Enter**

**G**

## Enter DOCTOR NUBIBUS.

Gentlemen, I beg your pardon for not being here earlier—but business prevented that honour—obliged to get up this morning at half past four to bring a young soap-boiler into the creation in Lower Thames Street—and a damn'd hard job it was—May I never dissect another muscle, if I don't think the young rascal was acquainted with the vices of the world by intuition, he was so cursedly unwillingly to come into it.—

Mr. Prig, I'm your's—Where's Sir Varnish? Damme, I've a fine subject for the Academy, a glorious prize; if Michael Angelo knew half its beauties, he would rise from the dead to be present at the lecture—only the remains of a Lieutenant-General that was borrowed from a churchyard at Marybone the night before last—a prodigious fine corpse—as tall as the Irish Giant, and proportioned like the *Apollo Belvidere*—

*Apropos*—have you heard the news—I'm told that fellow at the Pantheon has made application to government to convey the national mail in the body of a flying elephant—well, balloons have certainly been of vast use to this country.—

## O'BLARNEY.

What the devil, at your balloons again!—by the Lord, I should not be surprised if the gods turned the Doctor into a *Montgolfier*, that he might have the singular felicity of setting fire to himself, and be consumed in his own element.

## T R U T H.

This is the reverend Mr. *Priapus*—minister of the gospel, high priest of morality, and principal pannel-painter to half the whores in the three kingdoms—He has lately been presented with the reversion of a living worth 800*l.* *per ann.* by the incomparable and immaculate Lord *Stud*; the present incumbent, who is in his eightieth year, having incurred the peer's displeasure, by his frequent endeavours to suppress the progress of fornication, he was resolved that his successor should completely undo all that this modern patriarch had been effecting with so much industry for the last fifty years of his life.—*Priapus* was recommended to the notice of his lordship by a flaming prostitute in Berner-street, whose lovely person he had portrayed in the act of rising from a bed of roses; and which was placed over the chimney-piece in her dining-room, to operate as a stimulus to his lordship's powers, when he did himself the honor of mumbling her *forbidden fruit*.—As an artist he scarcely rises to mediocrity in his productions; his outline is false and unnatural, and his knowledge of external anatomy is extremely limited; the only claim he has to public approbation as a painter, arises from his negative merit as a colourist.—He has lately attempted to delineate the paths of paradise; but his imagination has been too much hacknied in the paths of prostitution, to do any thing acceptable to me, or grateful to his *Maker*. His departed souls seem to have been copied from

from the tenants of St. Giles's, and his flying angels from the tattered beauties of King's Place.—But he is approaching to speak for himself.

Enter the Reverend Mr. PRIAPUS.

Mr. Prig, give me leave to tell you, Sir, that I am not at all pleased with the disposition of my pictures.

P R I G.

I am sorry for it, Mr. Priapus; but why should you visit the fins of the council upon my head?—Lord bless me! I'm not responsible, you know.—God save the king, here's a pretty kettle of fish!—damme, who'd have thought it!—

O'B L A R N E Y.

By my soul, honey, they are too well placed for their merits. If I had a disciple that could not draw a better figure in three weeks, the devil burn me, if I would not smother him between two featherbeds.

P R I A P U S.

I'll tell you what, Mr. O'Blarney, you are a barbarian in principle, a Goth in manners, and a bulldog in society. You lift your hideous head, in these blessed days of refinement, like a thistle in a flower-garden, offensive to the sight, dangerous to the touch, and only operate as a dirty contrast to the elegant children of the soil around you.

O'B L A R N E Y.

And what are you, pray, you spalpeen son of a whore?—one of my Lord Stud's chaplains—which, believe

believe me, honey, is a greater compliment to the depravity of your morals, than either the virtues of your heart, or the discernment of his lordship.—You begin to cant too about *Faith, Hope, and Charity*, when all the world knows, that your *faith* is confined to the gratification of your senses, your *hopes* to the secretaryship of this academy, and your *charity* to the precincts of Hedge-lane.

P R I A P U S.

— Here's a pretty fellow, Gentlemen, to prate about painting and the moral virtues!—How did you serve your best friend Dr. B—n—y, you dog, after eating at his table for nine months? Didn't you place him, by way of gratitude, *up to the ears in the Thames*, with *his best bag-wig*?—answer me that.

O 'BLARNEY.

If ever I paint your ugly fatures, friend, bad luck to me, but it shall be dancing a *pas seul* under the country gibbet, you vagabond of the creation!

P R I A P U S.

Here's treatment, Gentlemen, for a son of the church!—but that fellow has no more respect for the gown than an Esquimaux savage—he must be damn'd, that's certain, without benefit of clergy.

O 'BLARNEY.

You'll be hanged, you dog—

P R I A P U S.

Didn't I study nine months in the Bodleian library,

at

at Oxford, till I almost lost the use of my limbs for want of exercise?—Haven't I read Thomas à Kempis, and the lives of the holy Fathers, and shall I come to this? to be bullied by a bog-trotter, the base-born son of a bankrupt saddler, begot in fornication, and spawned in infamy? that has but three ideas in the recesses of his understanding, and no judgment in any thing but the choice of a *potatoe*, and the comforts of *shoes* and *stockings*.

### O'BLARNEY.

You lie, you hypocritical scoundrel; I know the Greek alphabet better than you do your ten commandments, and can repeat from Alpha to Omega without missing a syllable.

### PRIPUS.

How dare you talk to me, firrah, that have got drunk with heads of houses, and drank his majesty's health, God bless him! in a glass of true Falernian; not in Munster Whiskey, Mister Bruin!

### PRIG.

For Heaven's sake, Gentlemen, hush—here's the president!

### TRUTH.

This is Sir *Varnish Dundizzy*, President of the Academy.—As we have been for a series of years upon a footing of the most cordial intimacy, I can develope his character with more precision than the rest of his respectable fraternity.—Sir *Varnish* was a disciple of *Hudson*, who had the particular honour of instructing

ing the late Mr. *Mortimer*, and the excellent Mr. *Wright*, of Derby, in the principles of the polite arts; yet, considerable as those names are in the scale of imitative beauty, they must give way to the more gigantic claims of their competitor and fellow pupil. It is to be sincerely lamented, that the unaccountable fondness of the English for portrait-painting, and the liberality with which they reward its professors, should have been a sufficient inducement to Sir *Varnish* to draw his incomparable abilities from the more sublime paths of history. In the few specimens of historic composition that he has given to the world, there is a majesty of conception, and a rigid adherence to truth, that are seldom to be met with in the best productions of the most accurate Italian schools. But why should we be amazed, in this degenerate *æra*, (when the actions of so great a portion of mankind are uniformly sinister) to find that every ideot and scoundrel in the kingdom should be happy to encourage that particular branch of a science, the perfection of which relates so immediately to *himself*!—In the grouping and disposition of his portraits he has wonderfully contrived to add a certain air of dignity that is inexpressible in language, and unknown to the original; or, in other words, he transfuses, without violating the likeness, the graces of his own correct fancy into the unmeaning countenance of Vanity and Folly. From which circumstance, it is by no means unusual to discover the exact features

tures of your half-witted acquaintance so happily delineated by the charming pencil of elegant Truth, that every muscle in their visage appears to be governed by an enlightened mind; and the wanton leers of meretricious beauty are softened by the same magic into the irresistible dimples of the love-inspiring *Hebe*. The discourses which he annually delivers to the students at the distribution of the academic prizes, are master-pieces of the kind, and contain a prodigious fund of useful information; they have been already carefully translated into Italian, for the benefit of those schools of design, who formerly arrogated, with justice to themselves, in the various studies of the polite arts, a haughty pre-eminence over the rest of the creation. The honour that he has done his country by his eminent labours, and the advantages that have accrued to the Academy from the wisdom of his Presidency, will only be felt with a due sense of their importance, when the grim tyrant of mortality shall think fit to remove him from this world.—But I must drop the panegyric; for see, the man approaches.

*Enter Sir VARNISH DUNDIZZY.*

P R I G.

Sir Varnish, we have been this half hour on the tenter-hooks of expectation, to know if the Prince, the Duke, or any of the nobility, will grace our entertainment.

E Sir

Sir V A R N I S H.

I expect, Sir, they will do us that honour.

P R I G.

Will they?—oh! damn it then, we've no time to lose—Here John, Charles, where the devil are you?

J O H N T H E M O D E L.

Your Honour.

P R I G.

John, you know you're an old soldier, so is Charles—d'ye hear, do you take the rusty sword that hangs up in my study, and let Charles have the bayonet; and, d'ye hear, go immediately into the green fields, and make a circumvendibus round London; and, d'ye hear, don't let a frog escape for love nor money—Damme, the Duke gobble 'em like a hungry jack in a fish-pond—Zounds, attack 'em John with a true Antigallic antipathy—d'ye hear, stick the dogs in the *gluteus* muscle; perforate the reptiles but three inches in the *anus* with a British bayonet, and if they cut any more capers upon the verdant plains of Albion, damme, I'll be content to forego the comforts of a pinch of rappee, or the enviable situation I hold among the sons of the *easel*.

C O S M E T I C.

I hope, Sir Varnish, the efforts of my dear sweet adorable little Maria meet your entire approbation.

Sir V A R N I S H.

They do, Sir; I assure you I think the lady has infinite fire in her imagination.

C O S-

## C O S M E T I C.

Lord ! I'm vastly happy to hear it—Zounds ! I must run and tell *Maria* ; it will make her prodigiously proud—Lord bless me ! I know it will please her of all things.—Do you know, Sir Varnish, that that impudent feller, that wrote the *CHILDREN OF THESPIS*, says as how that *Maria's* mad—Damme, if I could but catch hold of the poetical rascal, I'd learn him to traduce the greatest genius that does, ever did, or, damme, ever will exist, to illuminate the dark secrets of history, and immortalize the achievements of heroes and heroines.—A-propos, Sir Varnish, do you know that your timely appearance has perhaps put a stop to one of the most uncharitable and bloody contests that ever happened in a civilized country?

## Sir V A R N I S H.

I am sorry to understand, Gentlemen, that any differences should arise between you to disturb the harmony of this meeting.

## C O S M E T I C.

Only Professor *O'Blarney* and Parson *Priapus*, that's all.

## L E T H I M H U M B U G.

Oh, Cot dam, dey be scold like two blackguard—and de Parson bygar swear worse dan de horse grenadier, Morblieu !

## C O S M E T I C.

Aye, and Lord help us ! who knows where such a

business might end? for *O'Blarny* is as vindictive as a rhinoceros; and all the world knows that *Priapus* is a dam'n'd great bruiser.

### O'BLARNEY.

I'll be after giving you a pace of advice, Mr. *Cosmetic*, that's honestlly worth a guinea, d'ye see, but you shall have it for nothing at all at all.

### C O S M E T I C.

What is that, my dear fellow?

### O'BLARNEY.

Why, it is this, you spalpeen—If you don't shut your mouth immediately in no time, and give your tongue a holiday, by the holy Saint Pater but I'll bate your insignificant carcase into more colours than were ever seen on the pallet of *Vandyke* or *Dominichino* either, you puppy—

### Sir VARNISH.

Gentlemen, I intreat you to be moderate; recollect that you are the *heads* of an enlightened seminary, that is an object of envy to surrounding nations.

### P R I A P U S.

I protest, Sir *Varnish*, that *O'Blarney's* abuse is not to be endured—I am determined to bring an action against him for *scam. mag.*—Do you know that it was but last week, Sir *Varnish*, that he charged me with getting a mulatto wench with child, that lives servant with my friend Sir *Dilberry Daisy*; when all the world knows that I did but step into the kitchen to take a dish of *Bôhea* with the upper servants, merely

to

to kill an hour, and give the *maids* a few *lessons of morality* ?

O'B L A R N E Y.

Na bocklish, honey—by my soul I know you—and if I dont give your ecclesiastical vicarship a curse-o'God leathering—why then may the devil make a *pet* of me, that's all.

P R I A P U S.

There's a bloody-minded dog for you, Gentlemen ! may I never expound the Apocrypha from a Cheshire pulpit if ever I forgive him.—Damme, but he ought to be excommunicated from the protection of the church, and his degraded soul outlawed from the regions of Christianity, to wander eternally in the foul paths of damnation !

Sir V A R N I S H.

Hush, my dear *Priapus* ! you should recollect that you are a *divine*, and consequently ought to set an example of meekness, by looking with an eye of charity upon the frailties of your fellow creatures.

O'B L A R N E Y.

He be damn'd !—

Sir V A R N I S H.

Gentlemen, permit me to put a stop to this unlucky affray.—You have discharged some prodigious vollies of the small shot of calumny against each other with wonderful address and dexterity ; so e'en make it up now, like Billingsgate orators, and don't expose your own weaknesses for the villainous amusement

ment of a scandalous neighbourhood.—Will you promise me, Gentlemen, to be silent for the future?

PRIAPUS and O'BLARNEY.

We will.

Sir VARNISH.

Now, Gentlemen, shake hands, and bury all former animosities, in an uninterrupted endeavour to serve each other. (*Priapus and O'Blarney shake hands.*)

O'BLARNEY. (*growling.*)

A damn'd hypocritical scoundrel. (*aside.*)

P R I A P U S.

A damn'd surly blackguard. (*aside.*)

Sir VARNISH.

Now, we have settled these differences, it is time to think of the grand business of the Academy.

C O S M E T I C.

By the Lord, Sir VARNISH, that was a most inimitable dead colouring of the Countess of Periwinkle's youngest boy BOB.—

Sir VARNISH.

I am happy it pleased you, Sir.

C O S M E T I C.

And your sketch of the young Hercules for fat CATHERINE of Pittsburgh—damme, what would she give to have such a boy?—hey, Sir Varnish?

Sir VARNISH.

Oh! dear Sir, you flatter me.

C O S.

## C O S M E T I C.

Not I, upon my soul ; **MARIA** was struck with its beauties, and by the bye, we're doing our best to get just such another between us—we set about it last Sunday was three weeks, and as all the world knows that my *pencil* is rapid, and **MARIA's** *conceptions* remarkably quick, it will be no circumstance of wonder, you know, if we make a perfect model of infantine excellence in the course of nine months—we made the *first sketch* of the sublime *composition*, I recollect perfectly well, just after Pompey our negro had removed the dinner cloth—Egad, I should have forgot the business totally, if my sweet little angelic *Maria* had not given me a pat on my left cheek with a Florentine fan, and calling to me with the voice of a Seraphim, as her azure eyes swam with the liquid emanation of almighty love, “Comina, my dear pretty Tiny, and let us make one leetel shile.” “That I will, my adoreable,” says I ; and damme, to it we went ding dong for a dumplin—Oh ! she's a woman of vast parts—but zounds ! What the devil am I about—damme but I shall have some of you steal my hints, and bring a young Hercules into the world before me, and forestall *Maria's* happiness, and my immortality ;—But Sir *Varnish*, I perceive that the portrait of the great Welch heir still remains upon your hands.

Sir VARNISH.

Sir VARNISH.

Yes, Mr. *Cosmetic*, you are perfectly right—unfortunately I put a little common sense in the expression of the booby's countenance, which it seems destroyed the likeness so much, that his dearest relations did not know him.

COSMETIC.

Well, I will say Sir *Varnish*, that for portrait painting, you never had an equal; when compared with your works, *Vandyke* was a sign painter, *Titian* a house-dauber, and Sir *Godfrey Kneller* an old woman.

Sir VARNISH.

Oh! dear Sir.

COSMETIC.

For grace, Sir *Varnish*.

Sir VARNISH.

Pardon me, Sir.

COSMETIC.

And greatness.

Sir VARNISH.

You distress me, Sir.

COSMETIC.

And freedom of penciling.

Sir VARNISH.

Good Sir, this incense is excessive.

COSMETIC.

A daubing son of a whore [aside].

Sir VARNISH.

[Shifting his trumpet] Any messages, Mr. Secretary, from the exhibitors?

PRIG.

## P R I G.

Yes, Sir *Varnish*, there's one from the man, you know, that painted Miss *Polly Plaffmus*.—

## Sir V A R N I S H.

Oh! the *Pollaplaflasmos*, you mean—Aye, aye—those pictures *must* be returned, Mr. Prig; 'tis true, they have infinite merit, and are the excellent offspring of an amazing ingenious mind; but as the majority of the *Academicians* look upon them with an eye of *envy*, I am obliged to violate the dictates of my own reason and judgment, to fall in with the stream of their *prejudices*.

## C O S M E T I C.

Damme, Sir *Varnish*, now you talk of that, I'll tell you a good story!

## Sir V A R N I S H.

I should be extremely happy to listen to you, Mr. Cosmetic, but the business of the Academy *must* be attended to.

## C O S M E T I C.

Oh, zounds! aye, as you say, Sir *Varnish*, we must attend to the business of the Academy.—

## B R I T A N N I A.

But what is the reason, my dear friend, that we find not the present exhibition ornamented with the works of a *Wright*, a *Romney*, a *Daubborough*, or a *Gilpin*; they are artists of great reputation, and their

performances would assuredly do honour to so excellent an institution.

T R U T H.

Your observation, *Britannia*, is perfectly just ; and it gives me some pain to be obliged to inform you of the true motives of the secession of those artists ; the inimitable *Wright* of Derby *once* expressed an ardent desire to be admitted a Member of the Academy ; but from what unaccountable reason his wishes were frustrated, remains as yet a secret to the world ; but the *sagacious*, or rather *envious* brethren of the Brush thought proper to *thrust* so eminent an artist on one side, to make way for the admission of so contemptible an animal as *Edmund Garbage*—they had scarcely invested this insignificant mushroom with the diplomatic honours, before they discovered that they had been committing a most atrocious, diabolical, and bloody murder, upon two gentlewomen of great respectability and character ycleped *Genius* and *Justice* ; —and the pangs of their wounded consciences became so very troublesome, that it was resolved in a full divan, instantly to dispatch Secretary *Prig* to Derby with the diploma, and force those august privileges and distinctions upon the disappointed painter, that he had before solicited in vain—but, alas ! the expedition was inauspicious and unfortunate ; the diploma was rejected with the most evident marks of contempt, and the Secretary kicked as a recompence for

for his presumption.—*Romney* with-holds his performances from motives of *prudence* and *apprehension*—he trembles at the idea of such a competitor as *Sir Varnish Dundizzy*, and thinks it prudent to avoid the diurnal investigations of *Newspaper* critics, who generally speaking, are as totally ignorant of the *polite arts*, as the Reverend *Herald Bate* is of any thing that's *dirty, immoral, or unprincipled*.—*Mr. Daubborough's* private objection to exhibiting his pictures arises from more contracted and mean motives than those which govern the last mentioned gentlemen, *viz. fear and jealousy*: indeed, his whole conduct has been uniformly such a glaring insult to the rest of his fraternity, that if they were not the most stupid assemblage of all God's creatures, they would instantly expel him from a situation that he *affects* to treat with derision, though the first honours of his *narrowed existence* have derived from that *particular source*.—As for my friend *Gilpin*, we must allow him to be a most extraordinary being indeed; in the possession of more genius and ability than nine-tenths of the *Academicians*, he sought for the intermediate dignity of an *associate*, with a solicitude equally astonishing and ridiculous; and having acquired what was apparently the first wish of his heart, he has ever since neglected to add his equestrian labours to the general aggrandizement of the annual exhibitions; for which omission, while he is certainly responsible

sponsible to an intelligent public, he is giving a deep wound to the basis of his own reputation.—But as I perceive the *President* is taking the chair upon some momentous business of the Academy, I think it adviseable for us to retire and listen to the “*Secrets of the Prison-house.*”

[**EXEUNT OMNES.**

**END OF THE FIRST ACT.**

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